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THE OLD FARMER.

Not much of this world's goods have I,
Still less of classic lore,
I envy not yon rich man's wealth,
With all his gilded store.

My acres yield me daily bread,
And toil brings appetite;
I plow, I sow, I reap and mow,
Then sweetly sleep at night.

No carking care to break my rest,
Nor aspirations high;
I plod along from day to day
With no regretful sigh.

'Tis little that I can bestow
Upon the suffering poor,
But none that ever asked for bread
Went hungry from my door.

And thus my days move on apace;
The end is drawing near;
With cheerful hope I'll say "good-bye"
To all that I hold dear.

And when this body's mouldering—
As well I know it must—
Let no tall monument be reared
To mark my sleeping dust.

I only want a marble plain,
For passers-by to scan,
And read all I would have them know—
"Here lies an honest man."

Allan Bane, in Toledo Blade.

CATCHING A SALMON.

Three Men Quite Exhausted by a "Gamey" Fish.

With Tom, the presiding genius, in the stern, the angler in the middle and Peter in the bow, the canoe is anchored at the head of a "salmon pool." The water is from three to six feet deep, clear as crystal, and flowing at the rate of perhaps three miles an hour over a clean stony and gravelly bottom. On the right, as the angler fires down stream, the bank is perhaps a hundred feet distant, while on the other side an unbroken expanse of more or less rapid and in places deeper water extends to an island about a quarter of a mile distant. A heavy rapid, with waves about two feet high, terminates the "pool" below, while above the water differs but little from that of the "pool" itself.

Again and again has the canoe been dropped down with the current to afford the angler a fresh field upon which he may display his fly, but without result. At last, "when he least expects it most," the water boils in the neighborhood of his "Silver Doctor," his heart gives a bound, and then seems to stop its action, for the fly is untouched. For a few seconds he moves the fly in the subsiding whirl, hoping the fish may turn and take it, but hoping in vain. The line is then drawn through the rings—not reeled in—the slack falling on the bottom of the canoe until the fly is regained.

"A fine fish," says Tom, with a disappointed air, "a fine fish altogether, altogether a fine fish," for repetition is an Indian's idea of rhetorical emphasis. "Now we rest him little bit—give him little fly, p'raps we get him anyhow."

Out comes the watch, and five minutes, each seemingly of abnormal length, are allowed to elapse. Then the angler begins again, cast following cast over barren water, until the slack line is all out and the exact range of the rise is again in hand. Then follows a cast about twenty feet to one side of the appointed spot, and a smaller "Silver Doctor" careers in the most appetizing manner across the pool, passing in its orbit over the place where the rise occurred.

The fly sweeps over him, he rolls, he sizes it, and bears it downward with him. A few yards of line draw slowly from the reel, to the free action of which no impediment is offered. The rod is raised to meet the demonstration that we know—though he seems so indifferent now—will not be long postponed. The anchor is at once lifted, and the canoe is brought in close against the bank.

All is suspense—what he is about to do for so far he has acted as though the fly had been quite forgotten. The inexperienced may wonder at his apparent apathy, but he who has been there before feels as though the heavens were about to fall, and waits for them to come. It comes; slowly the reel speaks; faster—faster; the handle becomes but a burr of light, and the voice of the click rises to a scream. The line melts away from the reel like salt in water, and the coil that was nearly four inches in diameter is now three—two—one—will he never stop? "Go for him, Tom, go for him, or the beggar will break us," and the canoe starts in pursuit with all the speed two powerful paddles can impart.

When scarcely ten yards of line out of the 120 remain in reserve, away across the river a fragment of silver, apparently about a foot long, soars into the air, and falls back into the river with a splash. The line ceases to be withdrawn, and, taking immediate advantage of the possibility, it is recovered as rapidly as the handle of the reel can be manipulated, yet with every precaution that each turn is distributed evenly and solidly on the spool. For this is but the overture of the opera, so to speak, and again and again will the line be snatched from us until almost the bare axle of the reel appears. Thus two-thirds of the line are recovered, and the angler breathes again, supporting his rod, doubled up under all the strain he dares impart, with the butt against his body.

Again the fish starts—this time up stream—the reel shrieking as it parts with the line. Wild is the angler's joy, to be succeeded by doubt, and then by anxiety, as the quantity of line in reserve grows less and less, and the fish seems to have no idea of stopping. Again the canoe is forced to follow, and again the fish concludes his run by bounding into the air once—twice—thrice. Again the line is recovered, all but about thirty yards, when away he starts across the river again, if possible more rapid that ever, finishing with another jump or two. The line is recovered almost altogether, never omitting, no matter how hurriedly the act may be performed, so to distribute it upon the spool that it will be free to render again without the slightest hitch.

Then Tom says: "We will have to take him through the rapids—no landing-place here."

That the fish will take us up on some of the neighboring hills seems fully as probable, but the effort must be made. The canoe is run into an eddy, then shoved into the quick water, and down we go, bounding like a cork over the waves at the mercy of the fierce current.

The fish follows quietly, as though he liked it; but no, he has changed his mind; he dashes down stream and obliquely across it with the speed of a race-horse, at least it seems so, for the whizzing line trends in that direction. But what is that? Away up above us and half across the river a salmon bolts into the air. "Did you see that, Tom? We'll go for that fellow when we finish with this one." How Tom laughs—and it is not without protracted effort that he finally forces us to believe that that was the fish we are fast to. It is so very far off, and in so different a direction from that indicated by the bending rod and the running line, that it seems impossible that it can be so, though so it is.

So the canoe drops down with the swift current, halting at times as the fish becomes very obstreperous, and then resuming its course. And the salmon follows, sometimes freely, sometimes reluctantly, and sometimes in absolute rebellion, compelling us to let him have his own way for a time. We near a landing-place. The canoe is brought to the bank, and we take to the shore, with every precaution that the pressure is not slackened upon the line for an instant, and that the foot makes no slip on the smooth stones.

But clearly he is now of the mind that this thing has gone quite far enough, for he is as immovable as the everlasting hills. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes pass, and it is still "pull Dick, pull devil." Our arms now ache as though they would drop off at the elbow joint. "Stone him, Tom. Do something. I can't stand this any longer." So Tom tosses in stone after stone, none of them large, and none of them thrown with violence, lest they strike and part the leader—seemingly without effect.

At last the reel begins to move. It speaks slowly at first, like the pendulum of a clock; you can count the tooth of each rachet-wheel by the sound; Then faster, faster, till again it screams and the line wilts away from the reel like dew before the sun.

"Quick! the canoe! the canoe!" and we shamble down the bank, one eye on the vanishing line, and one upon the slippery path we are forced to follow. At last, at the very crisis of possible defeat, the canoe reaches us. We tumble in, and are off after a fish apparently as fresh as at the very outset. For another half-hour we fight him from the canoe, working him down stream, he running, jumping and sulking, until we land again on the other side of the stream three-quarters of a mile below where we first took to the bank.

We again try to work him in by the same tactics, but our first effort comes to a stand at once. He begins to "jig"—a series of short, heavy, and sudden jerks fills us with apprehension, and it is plain we must wait his pleasure still. He stops, and we begin. He begins, and we stop. At last he yields, and gradually step by step swings in toward the bank: Slowly Tom approaches, gaff in hand, no part of him in motion except his feet. The salmon is now a pretty sick fish, and again and again rolls upon his side, though recovering himself almost immediately. He sees Tom. At once he recovers, and is off again. But the pristine vigor of his rush is no longer there. He can take no more than half the line before his failing strength compels a halt. So we follow him down the bank, working him in when we can, letting him go when we can not, playing the great game of give and take. Once more we work him inshore, showing increased signs of distress. But again he sees Tom—it is wonderful how they hate him—and again he is off. But we are at the end of the landing-place, and so heavy a fish could not be drawn up against the current though he should remain perfectly passive. We must take to the canoe, and try him again at the next landing-place, some half-mile farther down.

He is quite discouraged now, and does as he is bid with little remonstrance. We land again, and though he sulks some, we work him slowly in without difficulty. Tom anticipates about where he will arrive, and motionless awaits him, gaff in hand. Peter hunts for a long thin stone. The exhausted fish rolls on his side, when a well-timed impulse of the rod slues him still nearer the shore and within reach. Like a flash the cruel gaff is around his backbone, he lies on his back, the lad hammers him on the head with the stone, the scales show thirty-two pounds, and we drop the rod and sprawl out on the bank, utterly exhausted, after a contest of one hour and fifty minutes.—*H. P. Wells, in Harper's Magazine.*

Causing a Smile in Court.

The late Judge Des Barres, of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, was not much given to joking.

He was a big man, of slow and deliberate manner, and always on the bench wore a deep bass voice.

On one occasion, however, in the ancient Town of Sydney, C. B., he caused a smile. The prothonotary was swearing in a jury in a case to be tried, and there seemed to be a hitch.

The Judge, who was ready to begin, asked what was the matter.

Prothonotary—He won't be sworn, my Lord.

Juryman—I'm no weel, ma Lard.

Judge—What ails you?

Juryman—I've got ta cech, ma Lard.

Judge (in very large tones)—Scratch him off, Mr. Prothonotary.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Texas has a new industry. The Clear Creek Crab-Canning Company has been organized in Galveston County, and is doing a big business in catching and canning crabs. The shells are removed entire except the claws, ground in a mill, and shipped to France, where they are manufactured into a dentifrice. The oil that arises on the vats where the crabs are boiled is used in making soap, and is said to be equal to cocoanut oil for this purpose. The crabs themselves are packed in five-gallon cans, and are reckoned good.

—The announcement that one of the combatants in the recent prize-fight was almost killed will be received with genuine regret.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A DISCERNING TEACHER.

How She Developed a Boy's Brain—A Valuable Lesson to Instructors.

A teacher had charge of a school in a country town, early in her career, and among her scholars was a boy about fourteen years old, who cared very little about study, and showed no interest, apparently, in anything connected with the school. Day after day he failed in his lessons, and detentions after school hours and notes to his widowed mother had no effect. One day the teacher had sent him to his seat, after a vain effort to get from him a correct answer to questions in grammar, and feeling somewhat nettled, she watched his conduct. Having taken his seat, he pushed the book impatiently aside, and espying a fly, caught it with a dexterous sweep of the hand, and then betook himself to a close inspection of the insect. For fifteen minutes or more the boy was thus occupied, heedless of surroundings, and the expression of his face told the teacher that it was more than idle curiosity that possessed his mind. A thought struck her, which she put into practice at the first opportunity that day.

"Boys," said she, "what can you tell me about flies?" And calling some of the brightest by name she asked them if they could tell her something of a fly's constitution and habits. They had very little to say about the insect. They often caught one, but only for sport, and did not think it worth while to study so common an insect. Finally she asked the dunce, who had silently, but with kindling eyes, listened to what his schoolmates hesitatingly said. He burst out with a description of the head, eyes, wings and feet of the little creature, so full and enthusiastic that the teacher was astonished and the whole school struck with wonder. He told how it walked and how it ate, and many things which were entirely new to his teacher. So that when he had finished she said:

"Thank you! You have given us a real lesson in natural history, and you have learned it all yourself."

After the school closed that afternoon she had a long talk with the boy, and found that he was fond of going into the woods and meadows and collecting insects and watching birds, but that his mother thought he was wasting his time. The teacher, however, wisely encouraged him in this pursuit, and asked him to bring beetles and butterflies and caterpillars to school, and tell what he knew about them. The boy was delighted by this unexpected turn of affairs, and in a few days the listless dunce was the marked boy of that school. Books on natural history were procured for him, and a world of wonder opened to his appreciative eyes. He read and studied and examined: he soon understood the necessity of knowing something of mathematics, geography and grammar for the successful carrying on of his favorite study, and he made rapid progress in his classes. In short, twenty years later he was eminent as a naturalist, and owed his success, as he never hesitated to acknowledge, to that discerning teacher.—*Farm and Fireside.*

IN NICARAGUA.

A Wonderland of Fertility, Natural Resources and Prosperous People.

The largest forest tree—the ceiba tree, for instance—grows to the height of ninety or one hundred feet, straight as an arrow and without a limb. At that height from the ground it widens out to a vast parasol-shaped affair, literally covered with heavy bunches of crimson, bell-shaped flowers. Out of one of these trees can be made a boat which will carry forty or fifty men. All boats are made of one piece. I saw a great many mahogany boats from thirty to fifty feet in length, forty-six feet beam. The bread fruit tree grows everywhere. It is an immense tree, as large as the largest living oak in Florida, with green foliage. The bread fruit looks like small water-melons. It forms the principal portion of the food of the inhabitants, who usually split it open, put a piece of salt pork or other salt meat in it, and bake it, and then eat it. One tree will supply a whole neighborhood with fruit. The tree that is pronounced the most beautiful is the margo tree. It grows to an immense size, from twenty to fifty feet in circumference, and from seventy-five to one hundred feet in height. It is an immense umbrella-shaped tree, with feather-like foliage. One tree will bear five thousand margoes. The fruit is heart or kidney-shaped, and grows to the weight of one or two pounds each. "It has a skin like a plum and its flavor is that of all our best fruit combined—the plum, peach and grape and something of the apple. It is a delicious fruit, and is universally used as a part of food. The cacao tree, from which cocoa and chocolate are made, grows everywhere, and the fruit, which is shaped like a musk-melon, grows right out of the body of the tree. There is no stem to it at all. The samsop grows in the same way, and has a very delicious fruit. The cassara is a substitute for bread. The yam grows everywhere. It grows solid and is very different from that of this country. It is more like a root. The root is fifteen to twenty feet long. They break it up into pieces and sell it in sections. The cocoanut palm abounds everywhere. One tree drops a nut every day in the year. It drops three hundred and sixty-five a year. The banana produces a bunch a month every month in the year. It is perpetual in its growth. All they have got to do to cultivate it is to chop the brush and stick in the plant, and it needs no cultivation. It is the same with all their fruits. The sugar cane grows from twenty to twenty-five feet high. I was told that by the officials, and it produces eight thousand to ten thousand pounds to the acre. It never needs replacing, but grows just like clover. Cotton grows in the same way, reproducing itself. It becomes a great tree and bears a great amount of very fine fiber. Corn produces five crops a year. Coffee grows abundantly, and Nicaragua coffee is among the best in the world. No finer coffee is provided anywhere. The country is preeminently a country of lazy people. One can live there as nearly without work as anywhere else. The people are very independent in spirit and work only when they feel like it. One strange thing is that the English language seems to be the coming language of all America. Spanish and English are spoken, but the whole business of the place is principally done in English.—*Colonel Pat Donan, in Chicago Journal.*

TALKING ABOUT HENS.

How a Decided Coolness Sprang Up Between Two Old Friends.

A Rochester man named Muggs has been out in the town of Wheatland visiting some friends who live on a farm. Mr. Muggs is not only a man of more than average intelligence, but he is also of an inquiring turn of mind; and while he was visiting on the farm he managed to pick up a good deal of information by asking questions about things. One of the first things that excited his curiosity was a hen that was on a nest under the end of a lumber pile.

"This must be a hen," said Muggs, confidently.

"It is," said the farmer.

"She seems to be taking life pretty easy," ventured Muggs.

"Quite the contrary," said the farmer. "She is busy."

"Laying an egg, probably," suggested Muggs.

"Probably not," said the farmer. "She is setting."

Then Muggs made some patronizing remark to the hen and reached down to stroke the fur on her neck. The hen was busy, but not too busy to keep an eye on Muggs, and when his hand came within reach she picked a small piece of skin off from it. Muggs took his hand away with wonderful quickness and put it into his pocket. Then he stood and contemplated the hen in silence for several minutes. At length he said:

"I suppose hens seldom have hydrophobia?"

"Seldom," said the farmer.

"But when they do have it they have it pretty bad, don't they?" inquired Muggs, with considerable anxiety.

"Oh, you needn't be alarmed," said the farmer. "The hen is mad, but not in that way. Her fangs are not poisonous."

"I suppose, now," said Muggs, "that an industrious, persistent hen like that will hatch out a chicken every day, and not feel it."

"There is a difference in hens," said the farmer. "Some hens set harder than others and hatch chickens faster. I have got one that hatched out a brood of chickens last summer in ten days. She never stopped for Sundays or legal holidays, but just kept right at it. But it wasn't a very good job, because it was rushed too much. Nine of the chickens were foolish and the other four were not any too bright. You see, they were not expecting it, and they seemed to be sort of dazed—couldn't understand how they got here so soon. They would stand around in a half-witted kind of way and try to figure it out, but they never seemed to understand it at all."

"I should think," said Muggs, thoughtfully, "that chicken hatched so fast as that would be apt to mature quickly—get old while they are young, as it were."

"Exactly—they do," said the farmer.

"You remember that I bought a couple of spring chickens from you last fall," said Muggs, still more thoughtfully, as if an idea had occurred to him.

"Yes, I remember," said the farmer, who was also beginning to have an idea. "What of it?"

"O, nothing; only I thought perhaps they belonged to this brood that you have been speaking about. We broiled them a couple of days and then gave them to my boy to cut up into bean-shooters."

A coolness has since existed between Muggs and the farmer.—*Rochester Herald.*

TURKISH BRUTALITY.

An Incident Illustrative of the Moslem Hate of Christian Travelers.

While waiting to be presented to Ali Bashaw, Belzoni managed to see the sun rise from the top of the Great Pyramid, and to visit those of Saccara and Dajior, and to meet the great traveler Burckhardt, a meeting to which we owe a good many of our best Egyptian antiques. Riding up to the citadel with M. Baghos to see Mehemet Ali, he admired "the majestic appearance of the Turkish soldiers," but soon found that looks are not every thing, for one of these noble looking fellows, passing on horseback, managed, out of pure spite, to cut two inches of flesh out of his leg with the sharp corner of his shovel-like stirrup. The wound was so serious that it kept him prisoner a whole month, and when "Ali Bashaw" noticed his limp and learned the cause he simply said: "Such accidents will happen when troops are about." The soldiers just then hated the very look of a Frank, for Ali was trying to teach them the European drill. There was a mutiny about this not long after, and the attempt had to be given up, the mutineers getting off scott free, though Belzoni remarks that just then there came on an unaccountable mortality among the high officers of the army.

By and by, after he had got into high favor with Ali, our traveler was nearly killed by a Bimbashi, out of whose way he could not get, a loaded camel filling up the street. The Bimbashi (Lieutenant) gave him a blow in the stomach, which he repaid by cutting him over the naked shoulders with his whip. "The fellow then took out his pistol. I jumped off my ass; but the shot singed the hair near my right ear and killed one of his own soldiers who was getting behind me. He took out a second pistol, but his own men disarmed him." This was a narrow escape, for just then the daughter of Chevalier Booty, Swedish Consul-General, was riding with a party of ladies, her mother among them, to get a bath, when a soldier shot her dead out of pure wantonness.—*All the Year Round.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Some one boldly asserts that the American hen is not doing her duty. You would have us believe that her son is setting, would you?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—"Rule of the office, sir, patients will please pay before taking gas." "Why not after?" "It's awkward collecting in case of failure to restore respiration."—*Puck.*

—"This is a very healthy place," observed a boarding mistress. "Yes—for chickens," said a boarder. "I have been here for two years and haven't seen a dead one yet." She took the hint.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The railway companies want to lay their tracks with hardened sleepers. One of the New Haven ministers says his congregation has material enough to set up a whole parallel road.—*New Haven News.*

—"How long has Brown been married, Charley?" "Didn't know he was married at all. I don't believe he is, either." "Yes, he is; I noticed him turn pale when the clock struck eleven."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—According to the New York *Tribune*, the band in passing the reviewing stand where President Cleveland stood, "burst into Mendelssohn's Wedding March," and the crowd "burst into cheers." If somebody would only "burst into" these gushy dailies it would be the burst thing yet.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—They tell of a boy in England who, seeing a great tent in which a panorama of "Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress' was being exhibited, went to the ticket taker and asked if Mr. Bunyan was in. Receiving a negative reply he remarked that he was sorry, as Mr. Bunyan was his father, and ended with the query: "Of course you'll pass me in free?"

—Amateur Actor (who has taken the part of Hamlet)—"Well, Charlie, what was the verdict in regard to our entertainment last night?" Charlie—"To be frank with you, old man, I heard some of the audience say it was deuced stupid." Amateur Actor—"Stupid! That divine tragedy? Why, Charlie, Shakspeare never wrote a stupid thing in his life."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—"Got any eggs to-day, Mr. Coldcheese?" "Yes, sir, plenty of them." "Are they fresh?" "Fresh, sir, as the flowers that—ahem!" "Then I don't want any." "Don't want any?" "No, sir. I'm going to a lecture to-night, and I thought if I could run across some stale eggs——" "Stale, sir! There ain't an egg in that barrel that was laid this year."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—We do not believe that a hen scratches for a living. She scratches for exercise. If you don't believe it, watch a well-fed hen in her humble cage at the market. She will scratch on the sheet-iron floor with all the vigor of a gold digger, and affect to find things to eat with all the innocent assumption of a man who slips on the ice, breaks both legs and his back, and tries to look as though he hadn't fallen down.—*Burdette.*

FOREST DESTRUCTION.

Evils of Deforestation as Seen on the Once Fertile Plains of Spain.

The evils of deforestation have been so many times rehearsed that it is only necessary to mention them briefly here. Trees are necessary in the hills and mountains to perfect the springs and insure a steady supply of water throughout the year. If all the trees about sources of the springs are cut away the springs flow but a short time after the winter rains cease. In early summer they have disappeared entirely, and with them the small brooks they have fed, and which were wont to supply the creeks and rivers now either greatly reduced in volume or vanished. Consequently drought, poverty and suffering from fine agricultural possibilities ruined with a soil deprived of its needed moisture. There is another evil scarcely less serious. This results from the inundations which almost annually devastate those parts of Europe which in the long course of ages has been gradually denuded of their forest with little or no effort at renewal. Spain has in this respect been the worst sufferer. Except in certain favored localities, principally along or not far from the southern base of the Pyrenees, or along the Mediterranean, it may be described as an absolutely treeless country, its vast olive orchards affording here and there a partial exception. One may travel by train for days here and there over the great central plateau, which constitutes the greater part of the peninsula, and scarcely see a tree, not even an olive, on the plain, and not a grove on a hill or mountain side. Such desolation seems appalling. As a natural consequence, the rains that fall, not being detained by groups or forests of trees, run off at once into the valleys, where they swell the creeks and rivers to enormous volume and cause those frightful inundations which two or three times every year form the burden of Spanish dispatches and deplete the purses of the benevolent in every part of the world. In Austria, Hungary and in different parts of Germany, there are similar experiences, with incalculable loss of property and loss of life, and to a certain extent in France and Italy, though the two latter countries find a remedy in the universal dissemination of the olive and vine, one or the other of which clothes, and to a great measure protects the most barren hillsides. There are also in both countries efficient laws regulating both questions of deforestation and afforestation, which have done much for the protection of all interests concerned.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Neat Compliment.

Young Lady—My dear professor, I want to thank you for your lecture. You made it so plain that I could understand every word.

Professor—I am truly glad you did understand it. I have studied the subject for about thirteen years, and I flatter myself that I can bring the subject within the comprehension of the weakest intellect.—*Texas Siftings.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

THE ELFIN.

When the Sun, in his white cloud nightcap,
Gets tired, and says: "Good-night,"
And sinks, where the sky is reddest,
Completely out of sight,

And the man, with his torch and ladder,
Goes tramping up and down,
Setting the lamps a-glowing
And flickering through the town,

Then the little Twilight Elfin,
With a laugh and a merry smile,
Slips out from his cozy corner,
And travels many a mile.

O'er land and water goes he,
This elf, with his face so mild,
And as he goes he kisses
The eyes of each tired child.

As soon as the kiss has fallen,
They follow the drowsy god;
They climb up the Dream-land ladder,
And reach the Land of Nod.

Then all night long they travel—
The journey wondrous seems—
The elfin still beside them,
A-whispering: "Pleasant dreams."

—*Harper's Young People.*

ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

The Two Kinds—Their Usefulness When Tamed, and Their Modes of Defense—Their Sagacity.

There are two kinds of elephants, the African and Asian. The former is seldom domesticated, but is hunted down and killed for the sake of his tusks, which are larger and heavier than these of his Asiatic relation. All over Southern Asia, with the sole exception of Arabia, the elephant is found; but the home the animal delights in is the hot, moist, swampy forests of India and Burmah. They are great travelers, and have been encountered on mountain-tops even as high as seven thousand feet above the sea; the herds contain from twenty to fifty, but in favorably situated countries one hundred have been found living together. Each herd is led by the strongest and largest bull, who leads it through the jungles.

It takes about four months to tame a full-grown wild elephant; but he, or she, is not trusted alone for a year for fear it might run away; but the calves give no trouble and soon become great pets, coming up to the house for fruit, biscuits and sugar-cane. But it does not do to let the little creatures see where you keep those goodies, for I had a pet baby elephant who found out that the fruit was kept in a large earthen jar four feet in height, on top of which the filter and tumblers were placed, and one day, when he thought no one was looking, the cunning little thief stole into the room, and tilting every thing off the jar over onto the ground, seized a large bunch of bananas in his tiny trunk and ran away to his mother, who was too dangerous to go near, she having been only a few months caught. The impudent little creature, while eating his ill-gotten prize, kept peeping out between the old lady's forelegs with his head on one side, apparently to see what I thought of his prowess.

As he grew up he was put to drag a small cart, and unless carefully watched would gradually edge the cart to the side of the road and topple the contents into the ditch. One very bad trick he had when loose was to hide in the jungle when he heard any one riding toward the house, and as they came close he would bring his trunk down on the earth with such a bang that several visitors were thrown from their ponies, and every one had to keep a sharp lookout. With all his fun there was nothing vicious about him, and children could get on his back and play with him. To me he was most effectionate, and I have often awoke from my afternoon nap to find him standing alongside my grass hammock lightly feeling me all over with his trunk.

Elephants are extremely useful, and when kindly treated are docile and tractable; but they have good memories and recollect injuries quite as well as kindness, seldom failing to retaliate upon those who behave cruelly to them, though the chance of revenge may not occur for months and years.

You, no doubt, have read the story of the Arabian tailor who pricked an elephant with his needle as he put his trunk in at the shop window as he passed on his way to the daily bath in the river, and who, filling his trunk with dirty water, spouted it over his tormentor as he returned. This is a very common way these animals have of paying off old scores, and should there be no water at hand they will fill the trunk with ashes or dust, suddenly blowing it over those who have offended them.

The trunk is never used for striking, and, in fact, when any danger is threatened is coiled close up for protection; but when angry the elephant will catch up a clod of earth, a stone or log of wood, and throw it with great force, or they will break off the branch of a tree and make use of it as a club, or as a fan, to brush flies away. At the tip of the trunk there is a projection like a finger, and, large as the great beast looks, he can pick up a thimble with just as much ease as a log of wood or any similar large object.

The tusks are the main weapons of defense, and among the tame males it is usual to saw off the points, so that in case of a fight the combatants can not gore one another. At Rangoon, in Burmah, an old elephant named Rajah is kept whose tusks have not been cut, as he acts as a kind of a schoolmaster to the other animals, of whom a large number are employed there.

It is sometimes necessary there to put elephants on to rafts, and many of them object to this, not liking the shaking and unsteadiness. When one refuses Rajah is called, and comes rushing up behind, trumpeting loudly. The refractory beast looks round, and one glance at the gleaming tusks is sufficient, and he steps on the raft quick enough. Rajah seldom has to make actual use of his weapons. For defending itself, in addition to the tusks, the elephant kicks, and tremendous ones they can give, females particularly, and wild buffaloes, who sometimes attack them, are emboldened to do so by the animal turning round as if to run away. But this is only a device to get the assailant within reach of the ponderous hind leg, a kick from which will send him rolling over and over with a broken back.

Many anecdotes might be told of the elephant's usefulness and sagacity, and now that no one is allowed to shoot the wild ones in India it is expected that in a few years they will become so numerous as to be used for all purposes that cart-horses are now required for, at least in tropical countries. Some farmers have them draw their native plows. But as they stand cold almost as well as heat, we may yet see them become common in England and Australia.

Thirty years ago elephants had to be brought up in ships from Burmah to Calcutta. They were not allowed much fresh water, which was kept in iron tanks arranged down the middle of the vessel in front of them. These tanks were closed with round lids that screwed in, and as they had to be opened night and morning to give the animals drink the cunning creatures soon found out the way of unscrewing them and helping themselves in the night when all was quiet. Men had at last to be put on as sentries over the tanks, or the whole supply would have been drunk up in a couple of days. Another thing they did was when they received their allowance of sugar-cane in the morning they would immediately lie down upon it and then try to steal from their neighbors. If any delay took place in serving out their food they would trumpet and bang their trunks against the water-tanks, creating such a disturbance that it made the people on passing ships wonder what the vessel had on board.—*Chatterbox.*

A BOY GROWN UP.

How and When Good and Bad Manners Are Formed.

Young people rarely realize, when criticising their elders, that the traits or habits that seem to them obnoxious were formed in early life. If their manners are rude, if they lack tact, if they are not well informed, it is because they have not made use of their opportunities. Manners are the truest indications of character. A discourteous person is both careless and selfish, for the best manners are but the expression of the Golden Rule; they are the card of introduction to strangers. A friend can introduce you to good society, but he can not keep you there; that depends on yourself.

A boy of kindly nature is rarely rude. A boy of selfish nature is polite only when his own desires are not interfered with.

Every man is the result of his own boyhood and youth. If he has read good books, kept himself informed on passing events, he becomes what the world terms a well-informed, intelligent man. If he has wasted his time in trifling conversation, read only sensational books and papers, neglected to develop the talent which he surely possesses, he becomes a superficial, a tiresome, if not a wicked, man.

If as a boy he has not cultivated the graces and amenities of life, he can not expect to become that most delightful of men, a polished gentleman. If as a boy he has not studied to avoid collisions with those about him, has not recognized the rights of others, has not cultivated a desire to lead men to higher motives, to give to others the benefit of his own opportunities, he becomes that most unfortunate person, a tactless man; a nuisance wherever people are brought together. One of the lessons every boy can learn is to watch those men who arouse adverse criticism and carefully avoid their habits both of mind and body. Remember the old adage: "By others' faults correct your own."—*Christian Union.*

COMMON-SENSE DIETING.

Practical Application of the Maxim "Eat to Live and Not Live to Eat."

By dieting I mean taking only such food as will most promote the health of the individual, in such quantities and at such times as will admit of the most thorough digestion and assimilation, giving the greatest amount of health and strength. There is a prevalent notion that one is dieting simply because a little oatmeal is occasionally eaten, without any regard to what is eaten beside this, or the quantity eaten, or when it is eaten, and how.

To take a little oatmeal, or "cold blast bread," or "gluten," occasionally, or when the stomach will not tolerate any other kind of food, or in addition to a full meal of rich and indigestible food, is not dieting. There is nothing in these plain, nourishing and wholesome articles which will render mince pies easy of digestion; nothing to counteract the unfavorable influences on our digestion of strong tea, tobacco, whisky, intoxicants in general, opium and the like, all wearing with the functions of the stomach.

A full meal of pork and beans with doughnuts, old and strong cheese, will not be easily digested simply by taking a very little gruel, however simple and wholesale it may be, since the unwholesome food is there, and in some way must be disposed of, digested—which is the nature of the case, is not an easy matter. Gluten, as nourishing as it is, as easily digested and favorable to health, can not render boiled cabbage, saturated with grease, or hard-boiled or fried eggs, safe and wholesome food. In other words, after a person has taken all that the stomach can possibly tolerate, an addition of wholesome food, taken just for principle's sake, will never constitute sensible dieting.

Wholesome food should be taken for its own sake in proper quantities, that the digestive organs may be properly treated, cared for, and not as a matter of penance, to atone for the first wrong. If the dyspeptic wishes to diet "on the square," let him select plain and simple food, that in the matter of digestibility is adapted to the debilitated state of his stomach, take it in moderate quantities, at proper times, chewing slowly and thoroughly, without the aid of drinks, taking less at night, the simplest of the day.

Dyspepsia, in its natural form, is as curable as any disease, if disease instead of fatigue, this should be called, the cure consisting mainly in giving the digestive organs a fair chance—a chance for reasonable rest.—*Dr. Hanaford, in Golden Rule.*